

Good 404 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

And Here's the Kind of Plan to lead to Prosperity

(From Dick Stanley)

THE capital of the British Empire will also be the world's capital airport—London.

This long-talked-of pipe dream has been captured by the architect, and not only are plans complete, but the scheme is under way. Two thousand eight hundred acres of land have been secured, and twenty million pounds have been given for the job.

The scheme is heralded as the "master plan"—Staines, Middlesex, will be the capital of the new city.

The plan does not provide for a Utopian conception of helicopter freight planes or swiveling runways on the roofs of City buildings, it aims at a base for both land and sea-planes, designed for the larger type of traffic, and it could be complementary to smaller airports nearer the heart of the City, which could accommodate taxi and relay freight planes. The suggested site is level, and the existing road and rail services will form links with London, which would be less than half an hour's journey from the airbase.

It is intended there shall be an extension of the Underground District Line, which now has its terminus at Hounslow West.

Like other important aerodromes in Britain, the Air Ministry will control the new airport, and British Overseas Airways Corporation and other operators—among whom may be foreign concerns—will become service facility "renters" on a basis similar to shipping companies who pay dock dues and rentals to the controlling body.

Staines has been chosen as the spot for the world's largest airport for several reasons. The subsoil is extremely suitable for constructing concrete runways and the large buildings that would be needed for the administration of the port.

The prevailing winds—south-west—will keep it free from smoke or mists and afford maximum visibility, and so ensure the chief need of air ser-

FOREMOST of the Four Freedoms upheld by the Atlantic Charter is, without question, freedom from want. That means that every worker shall have a job. It means that the job shall be secure.

This is the Government promise: "There will be no problem of general unemployment in the years immediately after the end of the war in Europe."

Already the Government have published an outline of their plans to provide work for all. It is a significant and encouraging sign that the White Paper is called "Employment Policy," and the negative word "unemployment" has been avoided.

AFTER the last war, the unemployment figure rose to 2½ millions. A worker saw nothing at all. It dropped again to the neighbor of the bright new world, "fit for the world of 1½ millions in the heroes," which he had been six years from 1923 to 1929 promised. Will the same thing (apart from the coal dispute of 1926), and then the Great Depression set in.

What actually happened last time?

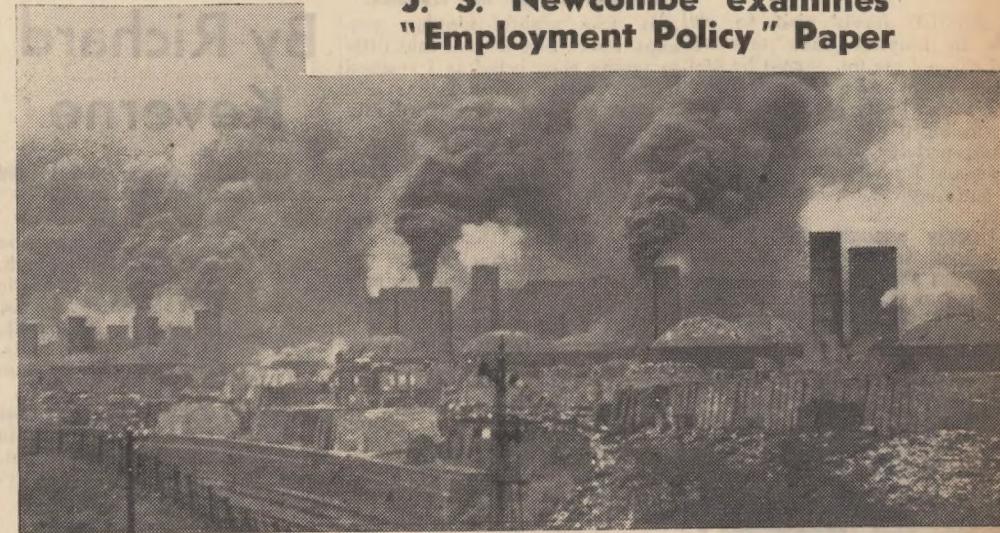
A few months of dislocation and unemployment followed the Armistice, while industries switched over from war to peace. Then followed a brief but violent boom, which reached its peak in the summer of 1920. Stocks were rebuilt and the accumulated demands of catastrophe satisfied.

Prices and wages soared. Hardly anyone was without a job. But—as soon as demand for goods at home and abroad slackened, prices began to slump. Deflation followed inflation, with disastrous results.

Wages dropped. Industrial unrest spread throughout the country. In March, 1921, there were 1½ millions out of work. The miners struck, the shortage of fuel crippled factory output. By the summer, the unemploy-

"Freedom from Want" Government's Pledge

J. S. Newcombe examines "Employment Policy" Paper



are obliged to consider external, no less than internal, demands.

The Government are, therefore, putting into action a policy of collaboration between the nations. They mean to create conditions of international trade which will make it possible for all countries to pursue policies of full employment to their mutual advantage.

"If by these means," says the White Paper, "the necessary expansion of our external trade can be assured, the Government believe that widespread unemployment in this country can be prevented by a policy for maintaining total internal expenditure."

Here are the main points in the policy of Work for All:

1. The new social insurance

scheme will introduce a system of varying contributions, the idea being to control the people's purchasing power. When unemployment is low, the weekly contribution by employers and employed will be increased. If it rises, the contribution will be reduced, and the public will have more money to spend.

2. Spending on public works will check any threat of a depression. A body will be set up under Ministers to control the expenditure programme of public authorities five years ahead.

3. The Treasury and the banks will control the amount of capital expenditure by varying the rate of interest on borrowed money.

There is still another way in which the employment level may be kept level—by variations in taxation.

When times are bright and

prosperous, taxes could be higher than really necessary, and the surplus carried over as credits repayable in bad times. Private enterprise won't do just as it pleases. It will have to keep its spending in tune with the general policy of stabilisation.

Another thing: general wage increases must be related to increased output per head. Employers must look to larger output rather than high prices for their rewards.

During the critical transition period, the Government are ready to use subsidies to the cost of living in order to avoid price changes.

They also mean to get powers to act against restrictive agreements and combines which might sink the ship.

Coal, steel, heavy engineering and shipbuilding, will all work under Government direction to make certain they get and hold overseas markets.

The Government will also have power to prevent further industrial development in areas where it would be disadvantageous.

None of these measures is inconsistent with sound finance. The Budget is not necessarily balanced every year. It is not contemplated that there'll be any departure from the principle that it must be balanced over a long period.

Industry will be expected to supply statistical information about the man-power position, and the Ministry of Labour will keep its finger on all changes in the demand for workers. Up-to-date training facilities will be provided for men changing jobs.

The steps, then, by which the Government will reduce unemployment to a minimum are:

1. By assisting firms to switch to peacetime production. Discussions have already been held with many industries on this problem.

2. By arranging supplies of labour and raw materials as far as possible.

3. By curtailing munitions work in areas where high priority civilian products can be made.

It's clear that stability in the general level of prices will be essential. So rationing and some measure of price control will continue for some time after the end of the war.

One thing the White Paper rightly emphasises is the importance of the country's export trade. But while the Government will do its utmost to set up collaboration with other governments, and thereby expand and make reasonably secure, our export trade, the responsibility and initiative for making the most of opportunities thus created, will rest with industry.

In other words, employment cannot be guaranteed by any mere manipulation from Whitehall.

"The public," wrote one commentator, "must co-operate by accepting cheerfully the continuance of controls of which it would gladly be rid, the trade unions must be reasonable in the matter of restrictive customs, and the employers show themselves broadminded in such matters as the ready acceptance of trainees new to their particular trade."

The Government have made their plans to ensure freedom from want. It'll depend on self-discipline and hard common sense whether those plans really work in practice.

HOME TOWN NEWS

A SHORT CUT.

DIFFICULTY in getting a haircut in Salisbury owing to short staffs in barbers' shops seems to be coming to a head!

A solicitor appearing in the local police court remarked that he felt he would have to smash a shop window to get a haircut—as prison seemed to be the only place where he would have a chance, as all the hairdressers were so busy.

MOVED OKAY.

A N old steam-driven motor-car, which had lain in a Matfen, Northumberland, barn for a number of years, was purchased for presentation to the Newcastle Industrial Museum.

But on the day it was to be moved, thieves stole the engine. The engine certainly went!

SAMARITANS.

GOOD Samaritans are Mrs. K. Davidson and Mrs. N. Golding, who live in Catte-down, Plymouth, and organise a weekly collection for wounded and sick soldiers.

By means of a house-to-house collection in their neighbourhood they raise between £3 and £4 a week.

The money is spent every Friday evening in taking a batch of from a dozen to twenty wounded to a cinema, finishing up with supper at the Y.M.C.A.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"SOMEONE KNOCKED"

PART 17

(Here Philip Harborough resumes his story.)

ARNOLD Jervis' visit to me in hospital that morning had cheered me up. Again he had inspired me with a confidence that I was badly needing. I was not feeling particularly ill—bilious would perhaps describe my feelings—and I would gladly have got up had they let me, but for Jervis' wish.

Oddly enough, that I had escaped from being murdered did not shock me. I was possessed by a fierce sort of anger against Yates and Palmer and an impatient desire to know

that they had been arrested. Jervis had given me an impression that that arrest would shortly take place, and with it an end to all my troubles.

It was wishful-thinking perhaps, for in fact he had said little to justify that belief as I realised bitterly later. But I was still content to leave the responsibility with him.

Inspector Mace, who came up shortly after Jervis left me, seemed less formidable, too. He took my statement, and accepted without question that I did not know who had attacked me, nor why. As usual he was irritably particular about time, but that at least I could give him fairly accurately. He left me saying that he hoped I should soon be all right again and assured me that he would start at once on his investigations.

And then I saw something that brought all the dread fear surging back to my brain and I felt horribly cold.

Outside the door, sitting on a chair in the corridor, was a man with all the stamp of a plain-clothes policeman.

It was in the next agonising moments that I realised that Jervis had really said nothing to put my mind at rest. I read into his words then the bluff, meaningless assurance of a man who knew what was coming and shirked breaking the news.

I saw, too, why Mace had been so amiable. He wasn't making any enquiries about the attack on me; his visit was a mere cloak to cover his real intentions.

Frankly I don't know what I did not think of after that. My mind wandered, to my childhood, to life in India—how good that had been—to the trial that was coming and how Jervis must be able to scratch up some defence for me, surely Yates and Palmer were not going to get off scot-free. I tried to whip up some hopes; at any rate I determined when next they demanded one of their damned statements from me to tell the whole story. Jervis was trying to save Beth Lockwood, that was the truth of the matter, I reflected bitterly.

The tension became unbearable. It seemed to me that I had waited hours before the end came—in fact, it was barely two. When at last I heard movement and a dull sound of conversation beyond the door I was honestly relieved that the strain was to be ended.

Someone knocked and I called harshly, "Come in," and wrenched my nerves together as I stood up to face Mace who entered. I meant to show him that I could take the blow like a man, and I found myself wondering in a detached way if he really would say, as they did in many books I had read, "I

Open Verdict

By Richard Keverne

am a police officer and I hold a warrant for your arrest—"

What Mace did say was: "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long, Mr. Harborough, but things have been pretty hectic this morning. You and Mr. Jervis, have put it across us, I'll admit, but," he gave an odd smile, "the Chief put one across him though."

The next thing I knew was that he was holding my arm saying in an anxious tone: "It's all right, sir; take it easy," for I was swaying and about to fall.

MACE had Jervis' car outside. He drove me back to my rooms and on the way I gathered fragments of some wild story about Mrs. Long and a confession she had made, a confession which Jervis was at the moment investigating. What Mace wanted from me was every detail I could give him about Yates—as he called him and I still thought of Ivor Corby—and he added, "I hope we'll want you to identify him pretty soon. We're going to pull him in for a few questions."

But I was not to answer more of Mace's searching questions then, for as we stopped outside my rooms Mrs. Moon came out. She looked haggard and as though she

had been up for nights. She addressed Mace.

"You're to go to Mrs. Long's at once," she said.

I was utterly bemused. Mace had gone instantly. Mrs. Moon plied me with questions about myself. It was then for the first time that I learned that I was supposed to have committed suicide.

Jervis arrived soon after. I jumped to my feet to greet him with outstretched hand. He looked harassed and careworn.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am to you, Jervis—" I began, but he cut me short.

"Don't worry about that," he said. "You're all right now, that's the main thing. But this gashly business is getting worse. I can't stop to tell you any details. But I wanted to see how you were. I've just come from Miss Lockwood's. She's ill. They let me see her for a minute. No, it's all right, Harborough, she's not in it—at least not as you thought she was. But you'll have to wait for the story."

"What are you going to do at Langley?" I demanded, avid for some news of what was happening.

He turned, the door half-opened.

"God knows. They're trying to round them up if they can get them—Palmer and Ivor and Croft. But I'm afraid they may be too late. I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Wait," I called, "I'm coming, too."

It was a weird journey through blinding rain and a howling wind and Jervis drove like a man possessed. We did the eight or nine miles to Langley village in little more than ten minutes and not one of us spoke throughout the drive. There was a policeman standing at the cross-

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

11 Singer.
5 Search and rob.
9 Recline.
10 Drink.
11 Disputes.
14 Full hard.
15 Pronoun.
16 Obtain.
17 High

standards.

19 Chief actor.
20 Extremely.

22 Leg joint.

25 Lower.

28 Corn spike.

29 Vehicle.

30 Old pronoun.

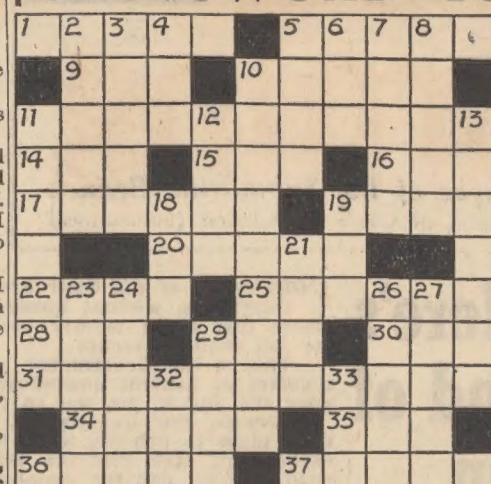
31 Suspended deposits.

34 Happening.

35 Moisture.

36 Peach.

37 Rough.



LAD LOOPS C
APACE FATAL
UPROOT SOLE
GREW URSULA
HOD CREEPER
A LURID V
SCRIBES SIC
THANET FOAL
RENT SALUTE
ADDER FUSEE
Y SLANT ASK

CLUES DOWN.

2 In normal voice. 3 Burn surface. 4 Put. 5 Wander. 6 Refreshment item. 7 Smithy. 8 More advanced. 10 Frame. 11 Trite phrases. 12 Trundle. 13 House sections. 18 Sea-bird. 19 Experienced. 21 Others. 23 Made of a grain. 24 Desire strongly. 26 Complete. 27 Bites up. 29 Raised ground. 32 Meadow. 33 Girl's name.

IS Newcombe's
Short odd—But true

War's tallest story is attributed to Fabio Massimo, broadcasting on Rome radio. This is what he said: "The British tried to capture the Island of Linosa in the Sicilian Straits, on several occasions sending landing parties, which failed because the fierce island goats drove them out every time. There was nothing the enemy could do about it. The goats just would not have them. In the end a British midshipman swam ashore and cut the animals' throats while they were asleep."

Penalties for breaking the Sabbath which are still in force include Statute 29, Charles II, c. 7: "No person is allowed to work on the Lord's Day, or use any boat or barge, or expose any goods for sale, except meat in public houses, milk at certain hours, and works of necessity or charity, on forfeiture of 5s."

When a city or fortress capitulated in war during the 18th century, the Royal Artillery had a right to claim the church bells.

A man is said to eat a peck of dirt in his lifetime. He also eats 30 tons of food, the weight of nine elephants.

WANGLING WORDS

344

1. Put a ship in PIN and make a cake.

2. In the following first two lines of a nursery rhyme, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Rey gins a fo expines a flui fo tecpok gons.*

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change LARK into CROW and then back again into LARK, without using the same word twice.

4. Find the two hidden famous London railway stations in: *He will come to see us tonight, the cost of the trip adding to nine shillings.*

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 343

1. Machete.
2. Way down upon the Swanee river.
3. HARE, hale, bale, ball, BELL, hell, hall, gall, gale, male, mare, HARE.
4. Le-ice-ster.



Lazy hound, that photographer. Stayed until closing time, and when he eventually arrived the "birds" had flown. Of course, we'll admit he wasn't aware that there was an undress parade, and we'll also admit that he's so shy that he's scared stiff of taking an indecent exposure. It might only have been an extra kit inspection, who knows, but we wish we knew where the swimming pool was, just to ease our minds.

JANE



Answers to Quiz in No. 403

1. Plant.
2. (a) Charles Lever, (b) George Meredith.
3. Daisy is white; others are yellow.
4. Yes. (In 1912 both boats sank in the first race.)
5. Tower, London, Cannon Street railway, Southwark.
6. "The George," Norton St. Philip, Somerset, licensed 1397.
7. Kindergarten, Kestrel.
8. Al Borak.
9. 1861.
10. (a) Allen, (b) Knox, (c) Gold.
11. Hedge-sparrow or Tomtit.
12. Pind.

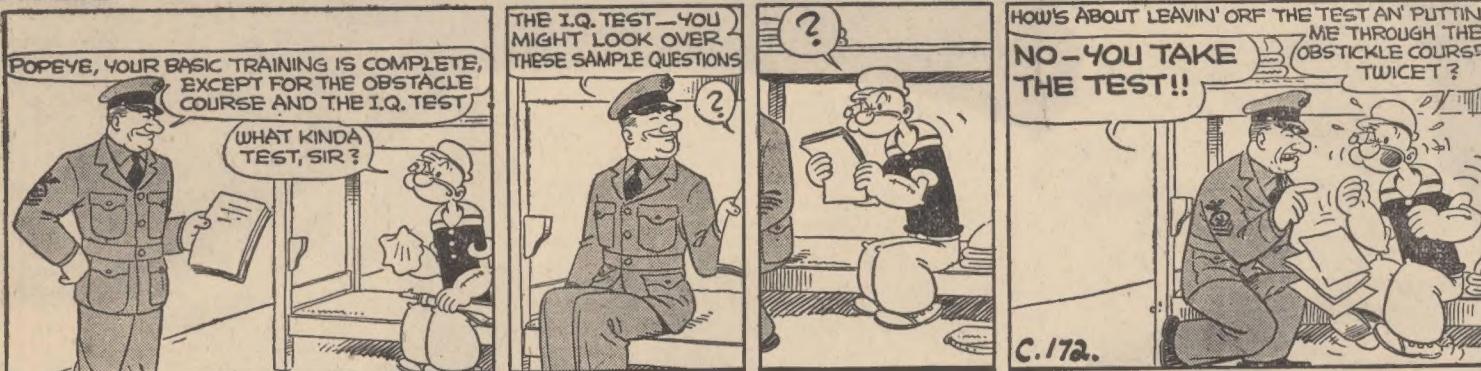
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



MEET Mr. R. G. Jarvis, cucumber grower, of Costessey, near Norwich. Walk into his cucumber house and look at his showpiece. It looks like the biggest aspidistra in the world till you see the yellowing fingers among the sprouting leaves—and then you get the biggest shock of your life.

They're bananas, best Canary species. Mr. Jarvis grew his tree from a tiny shoot in less than six months—and he is getting a crop of 200 bananas a year.

There are other new items lining up in the back gardens of Britain! In an unheated greenhouse in Suffolk, Guy Cooper has grown a lemon tree six feet tall and bearing 18 full-sized lemons. In a cottage garden in Essex, Mr. R. M. Mortimer is exceptionally proud of a seven-foot plant whose leaves exude milk. Kneaded in the palm of the hand, the milky substance becomes elastic. The plant is yielding rubber!

There's a boom, too, in back-garden tobacco. It's illicit to have more than a rod, pole or perch—about 70 plants—under cultivation, but small and satisfactory crops have been grown in places as diverse as Cornwall and Durham. One Hampshire farm with an Excise licence sold a recent crop for £4,000, and British "baccy" is being marketed under the trade name "Elizabethan." It's a reminder that until 1621 we grew most of our tobacco at home.

And the trade in medicinal herbs has grown so lively that dandelion roots fetch 1s. a pound, and red clover heads—weds—on every farm—fetch £5 per cwt. Britain's new garden industries are opening out. Their present prosperity is a clue to their post-war possibilities.



LATEST arrival at Regent's Park is the child of Blondie and Darkie Gibson.



The birth was registered a month ago, but the sex of the youngster has not yet been determined. This is the first time a concolor gibbon has been born in the London Zoo; mother and infant are doing nicely.

Blondie is an excellent mother, and father, nervous at the critical period, does his turn of duty like a hero. When his sleep is disturbed at night, he just gets up and humours Junior and settles down again until feeding-time.

Each morning the mater takes the youngster for a constitutional up and down the cage, and sometimes they even climb the walls and swing from the roof. They often go up there to feed, too, while pater keeps a wary eye on visitors and the keeper.



CHARLIE POTTER is a thatcher, and he was just finishing a thatching job when I met him. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had all been thatchers, he told me, and thatching wasn't by no means a dying craft. He still had plenty of work, and he goes from job to job in a little motorvan. "Got to keep up with the times," he remarked sagely.

Thatched roofs were very good things, he added; they made a place warm in winter and kept it cool in summer.

"How long will it be before this thatch needs renewing?" I queried.

"About twenty-five years," responded Charlie. "If you're round this way 'bout the same time o' the year in 1964, you'll find me puttin' on a new one."



AN imaginative step by the Red Cross is the sending of more than four thousand copies of an illustrated booklet of hints on making useful articles from empty tins out of food parcels to British prisoners of war in Germany.

For gardeners, there are hints on making a trowel and a sundial, and games enthusiasts can learn how to make chess and domino sets. "Odds and Ends," the final section of the book, tell how to make a mouse-trap.

Ron Richards

Good Morning

"SHARE THIS AMONGST YOU"



"I got the bird all right, but not the kind I wanted."



Second of R.K.O.'s super-starlets exclusive for G.M., Audrey Long.



"I wonder if I will ever be as nice as her."



THIS ENGLAND

By the ford at Water-end, near Wheathampstead, nine miles from St Albans, Herts.



And to think this is our first and last glimpse of town life.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"R.K.O., you overwhelm me."

